

DALLAS HERALD.

VOL. XIX, NO. 36.

DALLAS, DALLAS COUNTY, TEXAS, MAY 18, 1872.

WHOLE NUMBER 971.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

NORTH TEXAS LAND AGENCY.

JOHN JESSE BROWN & SON,
DALLAS, TEXAS.

General Agents for the purchase and sale of land in North Texas.

Office in the Dallas Herald Building.

J. J. Brown, President.

J. J. Brown, Secretary.

J. J. Brown, Treasurer.

J. J. Brown, Clerk.

J. J. Brown, Agent.

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DALLAS HERALD.

ROBERT JOSELYN, Editor.

A Correction.

It occurs to us a little strange that so

many of our Texas exchanges are publish-

ing a paragraph laudatory of one of Mrs.

Southworth's novels—among the rest the

Dallas Herald, conducted by a scholar and

gentleman of fine literary taste. We ven-

ture the opinion that the novels of that

lady have done more injury to the minds

of young girls than any other books ever

published. They are unattractive, over-

wrought, and calculated to induce a mor-

bid and unhealthy tone of thought with

the young and impressionable.—Shirport

South Western.

Our contemporary is mistaken when it

regards to itself. We have never said our

word in commendation of Mrs. South-

worth's novels. We only agree with the

South Western. We suppose our brother

editor has been led astray by a little ad-

vertisement of the history of Lillith, which

we have published. We are not respon-

sible for the advertisements of the Herald.

Advertisements are paid for, and news-

papers profit by them, but the literary

opinion of the editor of the Herald can-

not be bought.

LITERARY TRASH.

These days abound with books, mag-

azines and newspapers, illustrated and

plain, beyond any former times in the his-

tory of modern literature. Their name is

legion. Everybody writes prose and

poetry, and a combination of both, which

is neither, and hard to designate with a

name. As knowledge becomes more uni-

versal, it becomes more shallow and super-

ficial—spread over so vast an extent, it

has neither depth nor strength. Such

books and magazines and newspapers—

the Lord deliver us! They do far more

harm than good. It is not a mere waste

of time to read many of them—it is a

positive injury to body and soul. We

have treatises on development and the

origin of life, from a blade of grass to an

organ, and from a tadpole to a man. We

have systems of free thinking and free-

living, free-suffrage and free-love. Many

newspapers are full of such stuff, with

coarse pictures, disgusting and disgrace-

ful. The most of the magazines are taken

up with silly love stories, tending to im-

morality and vice. Books of the same sort,

humbly bound, are put forth by lead-

ing booksellers, and are sold by the thou-

sands. We have just looked over one, re-

cently issued by Carlton & Co., called

"Heart Hungry," which is next thing to the

non-sensical but pernicious "Broken

Waters" from the same press and which we

looked over to notice some time ago. It

amounts to this. The heroine is an

orphan, living with an uncle, who has

cheated her out of her inheritance and

driven her mad. She has been raised up

with a good young man in the neighbor-

hood, whom she has encouraged to love her.

But she marries a rich old widower, whom

she does not love, and then falls in love

with a handsome, mysterious gentleman,

with a hidden grief preying on his vitals,

making him vastly interesting. She is

false to her husband, who treats her with

every consideration and surrounds her

with luxuries, but her "heart is hungry,"

and must feed itself on this new poisonous

food or die. Towards the end of the vol-

ume, the most of the characters are killed

off in duels, or assassinations, or by the

AFTER WINTER.

In the flush of the spring weather

I wandered one last time alone

Through the woods that I had known

Of old, and I found them all the same

As when I first had seen them there

Of the trees that were made to be known

As when I first had seen them there

Of the trees that were made to be known

As when I first had seen them there

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As when I first had seen them there

Of the trees that were made to be known

As when I first had seen